A Hint About Diet.

Cheese should be eaten once a day at least. It contains two or three times as much nutrition as the same money's worth of meat, and is, therefore, the most valuable animal food obtainable. The woman who imagines that a cup of chocolate and a few crackers constitute a square meal, will do well to add cheese to her menu.

Shot Glace Silk Trimmings.

Shot glace silks will be more used than ever as trimmings as well as linings. They appear in the forms of puffs and accordion-pleated frills on hats, mantles and dresses, and in some cases two or three colors are used together, says the Lady. Pale fawn cloth capes and boleros are lined with a glace silk shot with blue, pink or some other contrasting shade, and kilted frills of the same silk pinked out at the edges from a full ruffle at the throat.

An Extraordinary Advertisement.

An extraordinary sign of the times is the following advertisement, which recently appeared in a London paper:

GENTLEMAN WISHING TO ADD TO AN inadequate income offers his services to ladies desiring an escort for theatres, amusements, social functions, or extensive traveling. For terms and interview, address "Confidential," 1921, M. P. Office, Strand.

Here is a man, presumably young, who will hire himself out to unattached womankind promiscuously, attend her to tea-parties, allow her to pay his supper bill when on duty after the play, and enact the role of tame cat, in fact, generally, "for a consideration."

Brooklyn Women Discard Birds.

The members of the Civitas Club, of Brooklyn, have set their hearts and heads against the wanton destruction of birds to gratify the feminine desire for fine hats. They are to give a practical illustration of what can be done with ostrich plumes and featherless millinery effects in their own hats and bonnets this year, and are to give an exhibition of humane headwear. The Civitas includes in its members 200 young women and matrons from cultivated Brooklyn's most cultivated circles and has also a long waiting list of would-be members in sympathy with its aims, so that whatever the young women undertake in the way of fashions must have a wide influence throughout the city.

Woman's Interest in Sports.

Woman's increased interest in all kinds of sports is evidenced by the trade in women's sporting goods that is done by the large sporting goods house on Twenty-third street. The woman cyclist is largely responsible for this, but the golfer and tennis player has her share, and it may surprise some to hear that even hunting goods and fishing outfits are sold in considerable quantities to the gentler sex. A new design of Hulbert skirt is a feature. It is put on and taken off like an ordinary skirt. When off the wheel it has the graceful appearance of the full ripple-back short skirt. By a simple contrivance a saddle pocket is drawn into the back, giving a perfect riding habit effect. A particular advantage is the perfect freedom of motion that the skirt allows.—New York Tribune.

To Acquire a Graceful Pose.

A traveller gives the following hint to seekers after grace and dignity. He says: "In my limited experience with queens, I have never seen one walk so well as does the stately working woman of Ahmedabad. This is partly due to the fact that the latter wears only a short skirt and a sash, with sometimes a loose half bodice. Ease in attire is not, however, the main reason for the free gait and lofty carriage so conspicuous here; yet the secret is so simple that it is strange no fashionable boarding school has caught it and advertised to turn out American girls that can walk. Let any young woman try this receipt: Put a wad of cloth or straw on the head and balance on this a small jug or pail, walking around in the position enforced by the balance. I think an hour's daily exercise of this sort might improve health as well as carriage; at any rate, it would produce something better than the dragon stride of the English girl or the usual amble of her Yankee cousin."

About Perfumes.

The perfumes which are most agreeable to the senses are not always the most helpful to the nerves. Ambergris, for instance, is positively offensive to many, yet it is said to possess a wonderful power of clearing the brain and driving away those evil spirits known as the "blues." On the other hand, attar of roses, with its suggestion of glowing suns and gorgeous eastern colors, predisposes one to tears. A faint odor of musk acts as a tonic, while civet brings drowsiness of soul, for which the best antidote is the pungent odor of sandal wood. The fragrance of citron and aloe wood is as soothing to nervous people as far-off music.

Many perfumes delightful in the open air become particularly disagreeable in a close room. A whole evening can be spoiled by the presence of tuberoses or lilies in a reception room. Their strong fragrance has a very bad effect. Magnolia blossoms, too, have a delightful perfume in their native grove, but woe to her who sleeps through the night with a single blossom on her pillow. There are many fragrant flowers, such as carnation, clove pink, sweetbriar and apple blossom, that are as beneficial as they are sweet scented.

A vivid perfume is nearly always bracing, while a subtle one is generally enervating. One may become positively intoxicated through inhaling the odor of the peach, almond, wild cherry and other blossoms of the same class, because they all contain a suggestion of prussic acid.—New York Journal.

Money From Flowers.

You can turn May flowers into money if you have the trick of doing it. Margaret Deland, John Strange Winter, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Amelia Barr, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mary E. Wilkens, Mrs. Humphrey Ward and John Oliver Hobbs all do it. They make a fortune every spring out of the blossoms of May; and they accomplish it not by raising the blossoms, but by telling other people how beautiful they are.

People who cannot get out into the woods to pick flowers are willing to pay considerable money to read how lovely is the shape and how sweet the scent of the posies that bloom afar off. You who doubt this, have you never bought a spring poem?

Margaret Deland goes into the spring poetry business wholesale. She has a woman friend in Boston who loves her rhymes and encourages her to write them.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward does up verses as neatly as she does up prose. Of late, however, she has given up the idea of publishing her poetry in book form and contents herself with serving it to publications to be used and forgotten. James Payn estimates that in the last five years Mrs. Ward has cleared $200,000 in fiction alone, which was as much as George Eliot made in her lifetime; so it is no wonder that she does not labor over rhymes.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, or "Miss Kate," as she is called in her Silver street kindergarten in San Francisco, writes verses while doing housework. She is one of those versatile women who can dance a plantation breakdown for you. If your ears are tired she soothes them with a song of her own composition. If it is your head that aches, she writes verses that tell of green hills far away. Some of her best work has been done on the spur of the moment. She is the wife of a wealthy gentleman who divides his time between London and America.

Amelie Rives, as her pen name still is, though she is an Italian princess, made so much with her miscellaneous poems during the two years she wrote that her father, a wealthy Virginia planter and trader, put a stop to the enormous sums paid her, and declined to have her checks raised by the publishers. It was too much for so young and inexperienced a writer to receive, he said. Amelie Rives's spring poems had all a touch of love in them.

John Oliver Hobbes is said to have exhausted all her brightness long ago and to be now repeating herself.

Mrs. Burton Harrison is called a society writer because she happens to be a woman of aristocratic family who has kept her place in good circles. She writes, however, for money, not for amusement, and has turned her May muse to a consideration of the sea and sea grasses. She writes off poetry to order, gets well paid for it, and she may truthfully be said to "make money out of May flowers."

John Strange Winter is noted for doing things up thoroughly. John Ruskin, a dear friend of her girlhood, taught her the magic of a well-completed task. She writes little things that tell their story without many words.

Mary E. Wilkins is said to have refused to write a four-line stanza upon "May" for $50 with as much ease as Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward declined $10,000 for a "snappy" life of Christ.

Miss Wilkins gets $50 a line for her May flower verses as readily as others accept a cent a word. She is turning them off with dizzy rapidity in her country home, fifteen miles from Boston, and she is fast reaching the Amelie Barr standpoint in poetry when she can write: "I can't do a poem for you this spring, nor next spring, but the following April, if the weather takes me right, I will send you a rhyme for your May issue."

An uptown finishing school in New York decided to call Mrs. Barr to deliver a series of talks upon poetizing, but the following day the faculty found half the students scribbling rhymes upon slips of paper and harmonized "May" and "day," "ray" and "fay," to the exclusion of other tasks. Upon which the faculty agreed to forget the resolution to call Mrs. Barr and to let nature take her couse with the students in the matter of poetry.—New York News

Greenhouse to Cost $100,000.

Buffalo is rejoicing in the prospect of possessing within the present year a fine greenhouse, all crystal and steel. The structure will be 200 feet long and will have an octagonal dome about 75 feet high and 60 feet in diameter. It will cost about $100,000.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

An Old Indian Warrior's Capture of a Grizzly Bear Just in the Nick of Time—How a California Boy Got Even With a Lion for Chasing Him Too Closely.

"There is but one beast that the Indians are really afraid of," said Egerton Young, the Baptist minister who recently returned from a long sojourn among the Hudson Bay tribes, where he was the pioneer missionary. "That is the grizzly bear, the tiger of North America. Only once have I heard of a grizzly being captured alive, and in that case the feat saved the life of a famous old warrior.

"Among many of the Hudson Bay tribes it is the custom for the able-bodied to put to death the old men and women who are no longer able to do their share of the work. The old women are simply knocked on the head without ceremony. The process of getting rid of an old man is more elaborate. The Indians do not think it well to stain their hands with the blood of one who was once a warrior. So they delegate the task to their hereditary enemies, the wolves, to which they render all assistance in their power. When it has been decided at a solemn powwow that any particular old man is to die, instructions are given to a number of young men to take measures to get rid of him immediately. Among the executioners are always the sons of the condemned man. The day after sentence has been passed these executioners call on the veteran, attack him with stones and spears, and drive him into the wilderness. There they leave him to his fate. A few days later they return and collect a few well-gnawed bones, which they bring back with fitting ceremonies.

"Among all the warriors belonging to a tribe with which I made a long sojourn, none had a more glorious record than Miss-Miss. But Miss-Miss was getting old. His eyes were dim, his hands were slow, and rarely did he bring home a fat buck. Furthermore, food was scarce, and Miss-Miss retained an excellent appetite. One morning Miss-Miss received orders to be prepared to receive the next day a delegation of young braves led by his two stalwart sons.

"But Miss-Miss, though he had assisted in many such ceremonials in his day, had not yet come to consider himself old and useless. He was very angry. Just as Miss-Miss had done reviling the ingratitude of the young, a boy rushed in to say that a huge grizzly was feeding a short distance from the camp. Here was the veteran's chance. All the braves were away at the hunt. Children and squaws and Miss-Miss were the sole occupants of the camp. He knew that to face a grizzly single-handed was certain death, but it was the death of a man. So Miss-Miss armed himself with his spear and tomahawk, and went forth to seek the bear.

"He had not far to go. Within a few hundred yards of the camp he espied the largest and leanest bear he had seen for years, making a scanty meal off dried roots. Crawling up as close as he could, he hurled his spear. The weapon struck the bear in the flank. As he had calculated, the wound had no further effect than to infuriate the brute and turn his attention upon him. Miss-Miss took his stand with his back to a tree, grasped his little tomakawk firmly, and awaited death.

"Now had it been an ordinary little black bear the peril of Miss-Miss would have been small. A black bear would have risen on its hind legs when it came to close quarters, and, leaving its chest quite unprotected, tried to insert its paws between the man and the tree in order to hug him to death. All Miss-Miss would have had to do would have been to wait until it came within arm's length and plunge his hunting knife into its chest. One thrust would have been sufficient. But a grizzly is different. It strikes with its mighty claws. Miss-Miss awaited the onset. When the bear came to close quarters it rose on its hind legs and made a mighty, sweeping blow at his body. Setting his teeth Miss-Miss struck at its head with his tomahawk. The weapon was dashed from his grasp and he was hurled to the ground, but, much to his surprise, uninjured. Instead of the sharp claws in his side he had felt a mighty buffet as if from a huge boxing glove. Miss-Miss scrambled to his feet. The next glance explained matters. Like himself the bear was a veteran. It had lost its claws long since. Miss-Miss dodged round and round his tree and from one tree to another. The bear, whose sight was dim with age, aimed blow after blow, with no other effect than that of bruising its paws against the trunks. The fight went on and Miss-Miss's strength was giving way, when through an opening in the forest he espied the blaze of the camp fires close at hand. The bear saw it too, and with a grunt of disgust and disappointment turned round and trotted back into the depths of the forest to resume its meal.

Miss-Miss hastened back to the camp and called the oldest of the boys together. 'Take your lassoes,' he cried, 'and we will capture a grizzly alive!' So out they went. When the party arrived within range Miss-Miss whistled. The bear raised its head and the boys cast their lassoes. One noose fell over the brute's neck.

"When the braves returned in the evening, prepared to chase Miss-Miss into the wilderness, they found a huge, roaring grizzly tethered in the middle of the camp. No one of the tribe ever had done such a deed. They concluded the Great Spirit had willed that Miss-Miss should live, and Miss-Miss is alive to-day and in high honor with the tribe."—New York Sun.

Trapping a Mountain Lion.

"It was when I was sheep ranching in the Hermosa district, in southern California, that I was, in a way, concerned in a very queer trapping operation," said James Smith, of Geneva, N. Y. "I was partner in a big ranch, and we were getting along swimmingly when one spring a mountain lion came into the neighborhood and set to killing our sheep and lambs. We tried hunting, traps and poison to rid ourselves of the beast, but could neither get him nor drive him away. The beast not only killed our sheep, but one night a herder in our employ, a boy from one of the middle Western States, came running to the ranch house a good deal frightened, and complained that a mountain lion had chased him. He had had a long run, and the creature had followed him to within fifty yards of the house.

"With the morning light the boy recovered courage and went out to his herding again, but he mulled over the run and the scare the lion had given him and vowed he would get even with the beast. Along the creek that bordered the range was a good growth of timber, and the boy, remembering his rabbit-snaring feats in the East, rigged up a 'jump-up' trap on a large scale for the benefit of the lion. He built an inclosure that could be entered only by a passage on one side. Then he bent down a stiff sapling and secured its top to a notched tree stump in such a way that if it were moved, ever so little, it would fly up. To this top he attached a stout rope, with a slip noose so arranged that any creature entering the inclosure would be caught by the noose and at the same time cause the sapling to spring upright. When everything was ready he put a lamb in the inclosure at night and waited.

"The lamb's bleating attracted the lion, and at midnight the boy, who slept in an outbuilding, came to the ranch house to tell us the beast was caught. Once awakened we needed no telling of the fact, for the lion's cries came plainly to our ears from up the creek. We got our guns and started for the trap. The night was dark, and as we floundered along among the trees and brushwood the foremost man nearly ran bang into the lion, hanging by the rope to the sapling. The beast had evidently tried to leap through the noose, for he was caught, not by the neck, but round the body, just forward of the hindquarters. As he dangled from the sapling, trying to turn so as to bite off the rope, his clawings and contortions were something wonderful to see, and at every failure he let out a screech that could have been heard a mile away.

"Turn and twist as he might he could not get to the rope with his teeth. But lest someting might slip or give way and let him loose we lost no time in backing off to a safer distance, and then we finished him with our firearms. We were all mighty pleased to get rid of him, but I reckon the boy that trapped him got the most satisfaction out of the business—and he got the skin and bounty."

The Old Guide's Story.

"You needn't apolergize, gentlemen," said the old guide at the mountain resort. "I kin tell that story a dozen times a day an' enjoy it as well's anybody.

"I been here nigh onter sixty years now an' she was the purtiest creetur I ever see in these mountains. 'Twould be no use for to take no pictur of her fur you couldn't git th' snap in her eye an' them motions, jist like a deer when it hears th' first bay of a houn'. When she colored up her face was just like th' inside of a sea shell, an' when she'd sit down side of me to talk I couldn't think of nuthin' but a music box a feller brought up here one season.

"I never liked th' man that was allus hangin' 'round her an' I jist up an' tells her so one day. Got mad? No; she only laughed like a lot of bells ringin', patted me on th' han' an' said if she ever needed me she would come to me like my own darter. Then I cleaned up my revolver for the first time in ten years. But he was her shadder jist th' same.

"One day they'd been 'cross th' lake an' he was pullin' back easy, th' canoe full of water lilies, an' her a lyin' back with her hat in her lap an' one han' in th' water. I don't know whether th' big fool was a goin' to perpose to her or what, but he dropped his oars an' started toward her. Over flopped th' boat an' if that cur didn't strike out fur shore without payin' no attention to th' girl, I'm hopin' I'll never hook another trout. Every boat was out an' I was jist gettin' ready to swim for her, when I see her comin' like a duck. I knowed it was all right then, fur if she kept her head she could swim all day. 'Bout two rods frum shore the fellow let out a screech an' went down. As he kim up she was 'longside, took him by the hair and towed him in. All she said ter me was that she never wanted ter see him agin, an' I shipped him next mornin' with orders positive never to show his cowardly phiz 'round here agin. They tell me her husban' owns 'bout all th' railroads west of th' Mississippi, an' she mus' send me half what he makes every Cris'mas."

Testing Crockery for the Government.

All crockery ware and glass furnished to the Government must be severely tested. One test consists in boiling the ware from ten to fifteen minutes, or until it is as hot as boiling water can make it. It is then instantly removed and plunged into water as near the freezing point as possible and be liquid. No crazing or cracks must show after the test. The tumblers are put into water at 182-4 degrees for one minute. They are then dropped into water at 42.44 degrees Fahr. If they show the least imperfection under this test they will not be accepted.—New York Ledger.

Sowing Late Cabbage Seed.

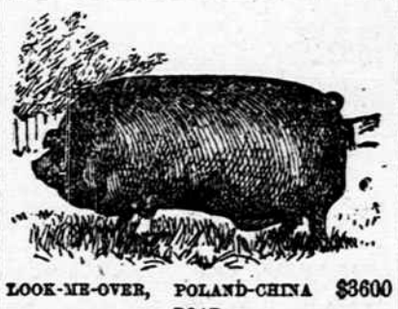
It is not too late yet to sow cabbage seed for late planting. Caution is needed not to sow the seed too thickly. That makes its growth so spindling that the successful first transplanting is very difficult. After the second transplanting the plants will be ready to set in the open ground. The cabbage sown now will make much of its growth after the first frosts, and on fairly rich ground will not need much manure.

Fattening Calves Without Milk.

Cheap as milk has lately been, it is yet regarded as too valuable to be fed to calves after their first few days of life as an exclusive article of diet. We think it is economy to feed some milk to calves. But it is best for them, whether they are to be fattened or raised to maturity, to early accustom them to a variety of food. A thin porridge made of wheat middlings, with a teaspoonful of linseed oil added as it is cooking, and having enough milk to color it white, makes a ration on which the calves will thrive nearly, or quite, as well as on new milk, and better than on milk that has had its cream removed. This should always be given at the warmth of new milk. If given cold at any time it will cause scours. Whenever any diarrhœa occurs boil a tablespoonful of fine wheat flour in water and feed that for one ration. The diarrhœa will stop, and by the time for the next feeding the calf will be all right for its feed. It pays to feed a thrifty calf in this way until it is three, four or even six months old. There are times when well-fattened calves are in demand. The butchers always rely on the farmer's anxiety to sell a calf if he is feeding it milk. But fed in this way with some clover hay as it grows old enough to eat it a calf may be kept with profit until it is a year old or even older than that.—Boston Cultivator.

A High-Price Boar.

This unprecedented figure was recently paid in Illinois for the Poland-China boar named, the famous hog



LOOK-ME-OVER, POLAND-CHINA BOAR. $3600

going to a syndicate of Missouri breeders. At the same auction sale, $1575 was paid for a Poland-China brood sow.

Young Clover.

So many praises are given by most agricultural writers to young clover as a very valuable and nutritious feed that it becomes necessary to distinguish clearly what is referred to. The really valuable young clover is the second crop growth, which springs up after the first cutting in June. It is at this time that the clover roots begin to form the nodules, which decompose air in the soil and make use of its nitrogen. This nitrogen apparently, to some extent, goes into the top growth, though this may only be from the increase of nitrogen in the soil, and its absorption by the roots through rains. The later this young clover is allowed to grow up to the time of seed forming the more nutritious the herbage will be. At seeding time the clover stalks becomes hard and fibrous, detracting from their value as feed.

Early in the spring young clover is less palatable and nutritious than are any of the grasses. Its roots are striking downward toward the subsoil the second spring of the clover growth. So there is less plant food for the clover roots to get early in the season than there is for grass roots, which run mostly near the surface, and are quickly warmed by the bright spring sunshine. This is not a theory. The cow, if given a chance, will make a test that no one can dispute. If there is any old grass pasture in the field, the cow will eat that rather than clover, until the time that clover comes into head, and then will leisurely snip off the sweet blossoms, leaving the lower part of the clover untouched. It is this which makes clover unsuitable for pasturing, unless the object be to let a great amount of clover stalks go back to the soil as manure.

Neither is this early growth of clover of much value as a fertilizer if plowed under. It is the nitrogenous substance which makes it nutritious for the cow that most increases its manurial value. In fact, all through the second year's growth the richness of the soil where clover is grown increases. This is probably from the extension of clover roots into the subsoil, and also from the decomposition of air in the soil, which goes on at increasing ratio until frost checks clover growth in the fall.—American Cultivator.

Hens in the Orchard.

Many farmers and orchardists would like to have hens in the orchard for the good their presence would do the trees, were it not that the fowls must be kept confined because of the damage they would do the adjacent garden and flower beds. The sketch shows a way to keep one or more flocks of hens in an orchard. A light, low house, made of half-inch matched stuff, has a wire run attached to the end, as shown in the illustration. The house has no floor. The eggs are gathered by opening the hinged board in the end. Low trucks are attached to the corners so that the whole can be moved occasionally to a new location. It can thus be moved up and down beside the rows of trees, stopping for a day or two under each tree, scratching, fertilizing the ground and destroying insects. The fowls all do

MOVABLE SUMMER POULTRY HOUSE.

well under such conditions, and their presence will be of great value to the orchard. The lower sill of the sides of the house should continue out and form the base of the sides of the run. New England Homestead.

The General-Purpose Cow.

The time may come when everywhere there will be pure-bred cattle, and nothing else, but that time is certainly now a long way off. As the case at present stands, the great bulk of our cattle is very common and scrubby indeed, and the best that can be done with these is to gradually and as fast as practicable grade them up—improve them both by selections and crosses on pure-bred males.

An important problem is up for solution at the very start in this undertaking, and that is as to the direction that should be taken in this matter—whether, in other words, we should go in the milk and butter or in the beef direction.

The strictly beef breeds are usually poor when at their best when it comes to the milk pail; the little Jersey is a type of the very poor when it comes to being put on the butcher's block. So much is this thought to be the fact by men whose main business is raising choice beef cattle that they regard the general introduction of Jersey blood as a serious blow to the best for their industry. Thus when Jersey cattle first began to be brought to Kentucky at all extensively this was the attitude, and they were much opposed and sneered at, but in spite of that they have become established and representatively fill a great place in our agricultural and best food economy. If fine cream and butter meet the want, then to the little Jersey we must go as the basis of operations best calculated to secure our general-purpose cow, making up for the loss on beef account at the end of it all by gains otherwise made on the way to that end.

On many farms, on most farms, indeed, the milk and butter stand related to direct home supplies only, and when that is the case then the trend should clearly be in the direction of beef. This is mostly as we find it and mostly in the common interest as it should be.

Beyond any doubt the nearest approach to the ideal in this respect is the Shorthorn or Durham breed of cattle more gentle and kindly than they. The beef they make ranks with the best, as evidenced by show-rings results secured under this crucial test. In like manner have they earned rank with the best when it comes to the production of first-class milk and butter. To-day in England there are dairymen who, though compelled to make every edge cut to make their business pay, will have nothing but Shorthorns. And it has long been so there.

Cattle come to their best and begin to decline as milkers some time before they are really what should be regarded as old; and when they do so, they are in good form for fattening and making into excellent beef, if of the beef breeds. It is far different if they are of other than the beef breeds. Then the males of the beef breed, when not wanted for purposes of increase, are made into steers, that yield the choicest beef of the markets of the world. Millions of dollars worth of just such beef leave the bluegrass pastures of Kentucky annually, going to the great centers of civilization, and not a little of it in the live state across the sea. In imagination—let us compare a herd of such steers with a like herd made from the best of the strictly cream and butter breeds.

There is, of course, room for all and a place for all; only it is important to remember, in dealing with our general-purpose cow, that if we would get there all right, we should start right, adapting the means to the ends, and not putting a butter-and-cream cow where a beef one will pay far better, or vice versa.

Circumstances should also be taken into account in considering this matter thoroughly. The heavier and beef breeds of cattle need a fare and a pasturage that is generous according to their size. Whilst the case for the cream and butter breed is not to be stated in terms the opposite of this—the rule that something never comes from nothing always obtaining—it is the fact that the smaller kinds often prosper and greatly strengthen family resources where the larger would inevitably starve.—Home and Farm.